façade and into the red arcade inside, it is as though the great gates shut out the ugliness of life behind them, for one catches a glimpse from afar of the perhaps loveliest pedestal on earth which once proudly bore the Peacock Throne. If the Moghuls came with devastation and terror, if Tamerlane, the terrible Turk, the Scourge of God, ravaged all Asia, taking Delhi *en route* and only spared the Celestial Empire because Death claimed him on its borders; if the sweet plains and flowery jungles of the Jumna were disturbed by BaberY drunken camp, still they have left behind them a dream of beauty to comfort our hearts for evermore. And it is as though Shah Jehan's reign were the epitome of the loveliness of life in its material aspect, as though he were permitted to show us how exquisite a thing this earth-dream can be. His grandfather, Akbar the Great, had been the greatest man of power the world had known ; had in working hours moved men as pawns about a continent, as in

play-time he played pacheesee with women
for counters in his palace of Fatteh
pore Sikri ;
but Shah Jehan was content with living the
perfect life of Beauty- Here is the account of
a banquet given to him by his father-in-law,